

## Morning, Barely Light

*Louisa Howerow*

On the radio, a mother tells anyone  
who'll listen how her daughter left home  
without warning, the date's a blur.  
Her story is the beating of a moth's wings  
caught between panes of glass. I've seen  
the messages painted on boxcars,  
the please-call posters tacked to utility poles.  
I press my hands into the windowsill,  
hold steady. Just beyond the property line,  
Crystal Beach where trout float belly up  
on a summer sheen. There is no beach.

Louisa Howerow's latest poems appeared in *Red Earth Review*, *The Dalhousie Review* and *CV2/Contemporary Verse 2*, *The Canadian Journal of Poetry and Critical Writing*. Her work has also been included in anthologies, most recently, *I Found It at the Movies: An Anthology of Film Poems* (Guernica Editions) and *Imaginarium 3: The Best Canadian Speculative Writing, 2014* (ChiZine Publications)